MA PICKANINNY BABE

By

CHAS. L. JOHNSON

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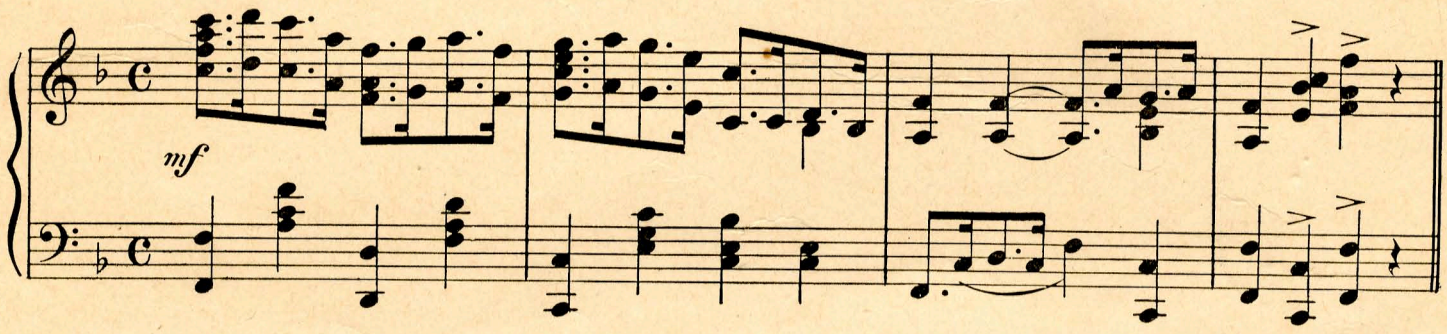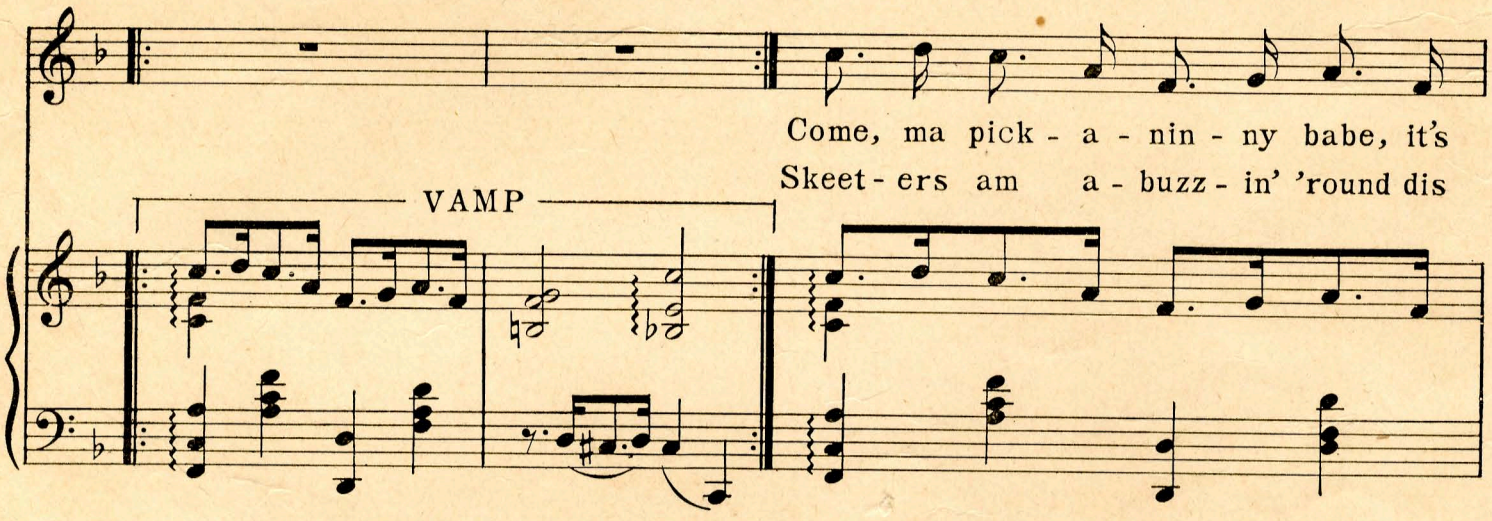
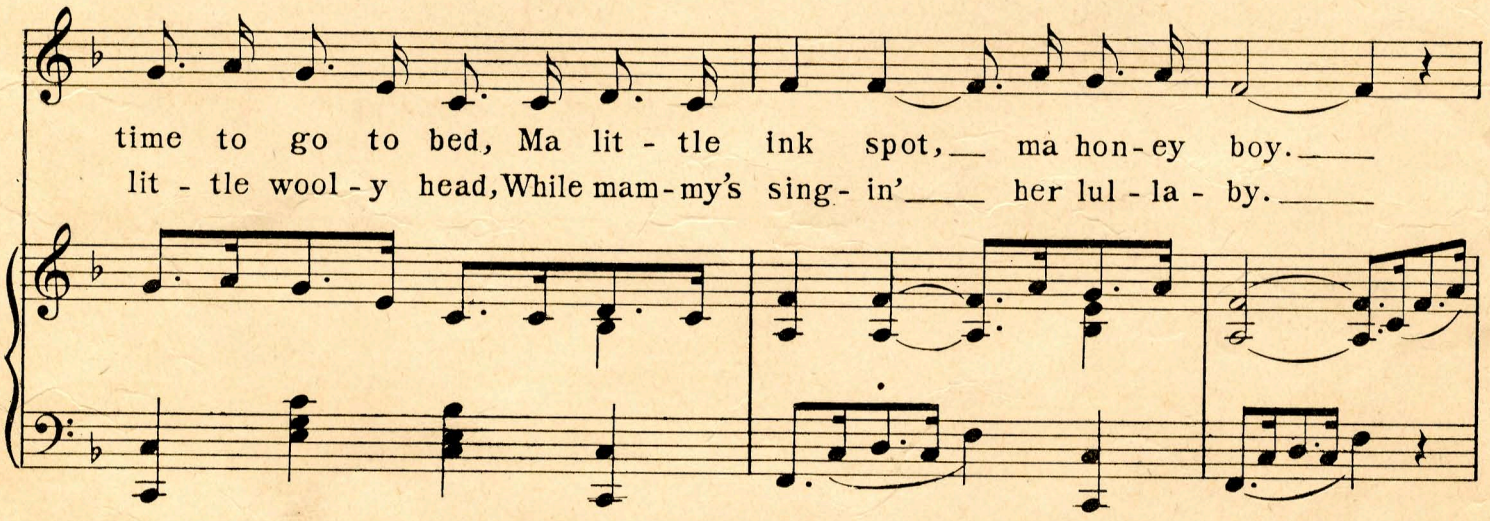

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Come an' lay your kink - y head up - on ole mam-my's breast, You is ma
Bet - ter let ole mam-my put you in your lit - tle bed, Now don't you

ba - by, ma pride an' joy. Hark! I hear a
hol - ler, now don't you cry. Sand - man he am

knock in' at de door, 'Pears to me dere's some - thin' strange a -
com - in' for you soon, Com - in' for ma an - gel chile, my

creep - in' 'cross de floor; So bet - ter come a - run - nin' quick an'
pick - a - nin - ny coon; So hide your lit - tle face an' stop dat

jump in mam-my's lap An'close your eyes, ma pick-a-nin-ny babe.__
mak in' goo gie eyes, An' go to sleep, ma pick-a-nin-ny babe.__

CHORUS

Go to sleep, ma pick - a - nin - ny babe,

Mam - my's got her arms a - round you;

Close your eyes, an' don't you dare to peep, Or de

gob - lins will get you if you do. Don't you cry, for

mam- my's ev - er nigh, Hon - ey, don't you be a -

fraid; Dream, dream, close your eyes an' dream,

rit.

rit.

Go to sleep, ma pick - a - nin - ny babe. babe.

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WALTON PROCESS CHICAGO.

"Sing Rock-a-bye Baby to Me"

A Song That Should Find a Place in Every Home

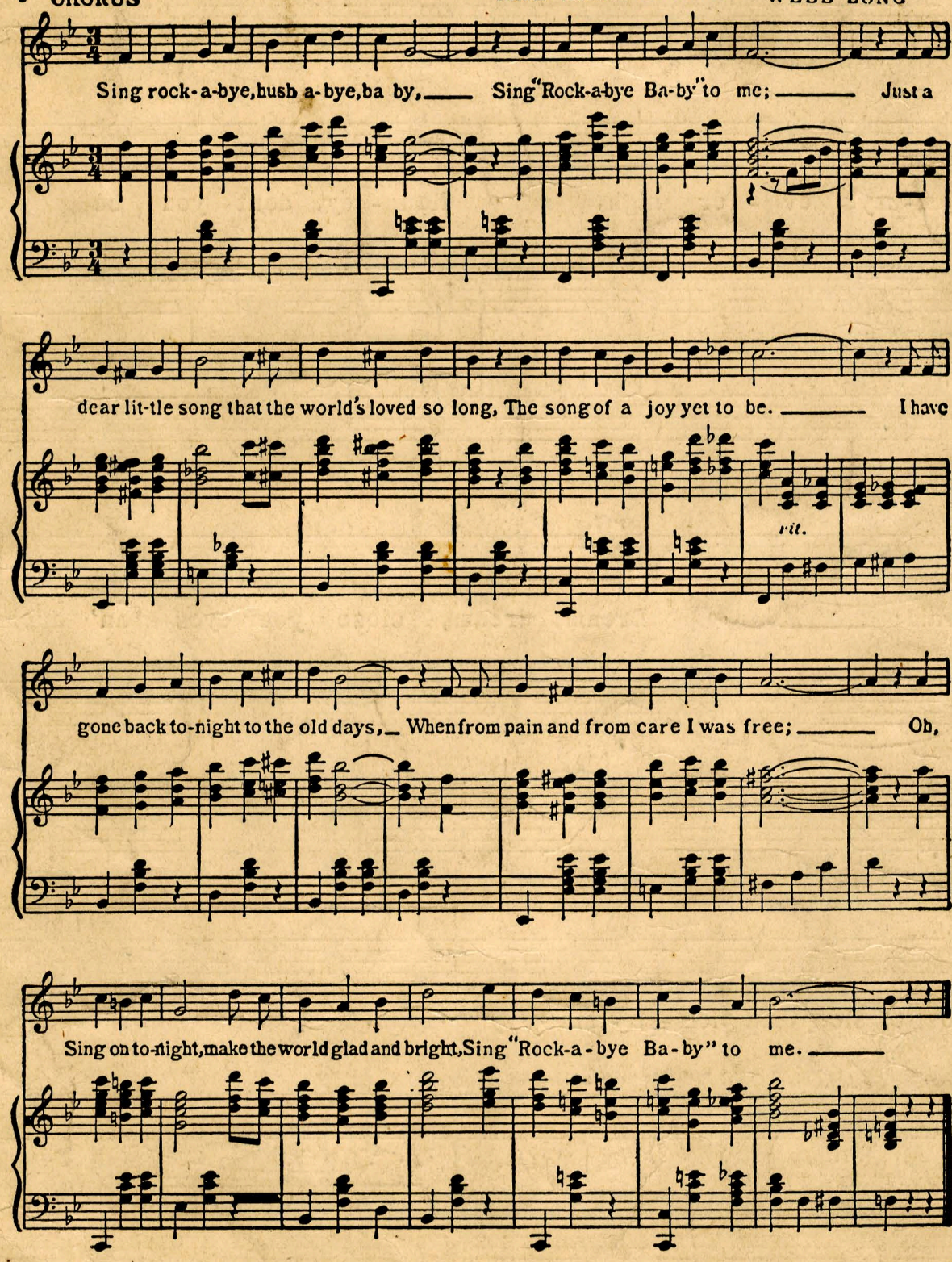
A Song With a Good Old Fashioned Melody, the kind that recalls those "Best of All Days," those we spent with **Mother**

Sing Rock-a-by Baby to Me

Words by
MAE KIRKPATRICK

Music by
WEBB LONG

4 CHORUS


Sing rock-a-bye, husb a-bye, ba by, Sing "Rock-a-bye Ba-by" to me; Just a
dear lit-tle song that the world's loved so long, The song of a joy yet to be. I have
rit.
gone back to-night to the old days, When from pain and from care I was free; Oh,
Sing on to-night, make the world glad and bright, Sing "Rock-a-bye Ba-by" to me.

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